

INTER NOS

Vol. V

September 1953

No. 3

CONTENTS

Editorial	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
The Waters Between	PATRICIA CHING
Our European Trip	MRS. K. C. CLEM
Poinsettia	MARY JO RENNISON
His Pen is a Gypsy Ribbon	SISTER EVA FRANCIS, C.S.J.
Virgil and Dante	SALLY SNOW
Hades	CARLA WRIGHT
Scenes from Our Lady's Life	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
Three New Words	SISTER ST. GEORGE, C.S.J.
The Road Taken	SISTER DOROTHY MARY, C.S.J.
Book Reviews	EILEEN O'LOUGHLIN and GEORGIA ANN MALONEY

Alumnae Notes

J. M. J.

Editorial

With Vol. V, No. III of *Inter Nos*, the College Quarterly greets new friends, the Freshman Class of 1953, and welcomes returning "old students," and all its faithful subscribers, some dating back to the first issue in 1949.

This September number on the honor page offers a poem by Patricia Ching titled "The Waters Between," which won the first prize of \$200 in the contest sponsored by the Cabrini Literary Guild. Pat Harman's article on her visit to the Italian mystic, Padre Pio, received \$50, the third prize from the same Guild. Two prizes out of the three offered is an encouraging record for our young writers. A merit certificate signed by the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* was awarded Mary Jo Rennison for her poem "Poinsettia" entered in the *Atlantic Monthly* Contest.

Mrs. K. C. Clem continues her diary, describing charmingly the family visit to Ireland and Holland. Do not call her unduly prejudiced toward the "Green Isle," as she claims no Irish blood. Several other countries will enter into her interesting descriptions, as the diary appears in our December number.

Echoes of classes in *World Literature and Social Relations* are heard in several thought provoking contributions by present students.

The month of September is rich in feasts of the Blessed Virgin, the 8th the Nativity of the Blessed Mother, the 12th her holy Name of Mary, the 15th her Compassion or Seven Sorrows, and the 24th Our Lady of Mercy. Under all these titles we can ask our compassionate Mother's aid and prayers for a sin-scarred, war torn world. For in spite of the indifference and neglect of men, she loves and cherishes each of the children of men for each was ransomed by a great price—the blood of her dearly beloved Son.

THE WATERS BETWEEN

By Patricia Ching

Awarded first prize (\$200.00) by Cabrini Literary Guild

*The time of beauty comes at six o'clock
In Kalaupapa; green and grey the line
That etches yellow sky with seaward cliffs;
A thousand glimmers on a calm Pacific
Sparkling, dying, catching once again
The brilliant eye of morning sun. It comes
At six o'clock, the time of charity,
Around a jutting bend, the blackened hull
Like insect lost in yards of moiré silk,
Malopa, faithful little island ship—
Cargo rich with pipes for mountain rains,
With letters, trinkets, unreal gaiety—
For bodies rotting in an Eden's hell.
"Monsieur!" The surly Portuguese
Spat yellow where the waters danced.
"Ay, friend?" Grey eyes, undimmed though aging, turn
Where knotted fingers indicate the shore.
"Kalaupapa—lepers all, poor devils . . ."
"Would that I could be there, mon ami."
"What use, Monsieur? They have Damien."*

*Below the ship a mellow voice rings out
Where silently a skiff had crept unnoticed
Through the dawn: "But who shrives Damien?"
Through varied toil his cassock stained and thin,
His forehead grooved by other than his years,
The Belgian Martyr kneels, intent and humble.
Seven feet and no more can his shell
Approach the anchored ship; more deep,
More wide than sea—the fear of rotting flesh.
"A year, mon pere, since I have been absolved . . ."*

* * *

*"Ego te absolvo . . ." Lifted hand
Imparts a blessing carried by the breeze.
And back with soul revived, he rows
In silence through the bay of Molokai.*

Our European Trip

MY DIARY

By Mrs. K. C. Clem—An Alumna

July 22, 1952

Top o' the morning, afternoon and evening to ye! from the land of the little men, tall tales, beautiful scenery, and wonderful people!

We flew from London to Dublin on Aer Lingus. It was stifling hot in London and we were glad to get up in the air. The sight of the pretty stewardess in her bright green uniform, the Irish flag waving gaily from the nose of our plane, and the familiar "brogue" of many of the passengers seemed to lift our spirits and foretell the many delightful experiences in store for us. We had a smooth flight and as we came in for a landing, we thrilled to the almost unbelievably beautiful sight beneath us. The varied blues of the Irish sea, the lush greens of the countryside, the deep blue and purple of the hills looked exactly like the landscape paintings we had seen of Ireland, (and up to now had thought a bit over done).

Monsignor Clarke, Father Dennis Clarke, and their sister Mrs. McGinnis were on hand to meet us, (God bless them). How good it was to see them! The children with complete disregard for dignity or decorum, rushed up to them and gave them a big hug. We were driven into Dublin, to Mrs. Leonard's (another sister), for tea. All the family and many friends were on hand to greet us. Mrs. Leonard has two lovely daughters, Ann and Denise, and the children became great friends on the spot. After a delightful tea and an even more delightful visit, we went to our rooms at the Gresham Hotel to freshen up for dinner. Our accommodations here are the best ever, a very handsome apartment bedroom.

Our dinner was superb, very fine kidney soup and a thick juicy steak. After the terrible food we tried to eat in London, this tasted like Ambrosia and Nectar. After dinner we took a leisurely stroll around Dublin, saw Nelson's Monument, the Liffy river, the shops, and many of the important buildings. Dublin is quite a good sized city yet it has the feel of a small town about it. There are thousands of bicycles and many horse-drawn carts. It is nothing to see a herd of cattle driven right through the center of town to the auction markets. At the sight of the first herd, Barbara, Carol, and I darted for the nearest shop in panic; our friends reassuringly took us by the arm and told us that they wouldn't harm us, so we stood on the curb, in rigid but uncomfortable attention until they passed. We returned to our hotel about 10 p.m. and it was still light. We tucked in two very tired but happy girls and chatted with our friends until well past midnight.

July 23

I awakened early and lay in a comfortable state of semi-wakefulness and listened to the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the street below and the lilting Irish tunes being whistled by the men on their way to work. Monsignor's Silver Jubilee Mass was scheduled for 9 A.M. at Loretta Chapel. The little Chapel is lovely and we felt very proud and honored to sit with Monsignor's family and friends in the chapel where he said his first Mass 25 years ago. We felt that it was right that some of his parishioners could be there, and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God for sending from this truly Catholic country so many fine young priests who have been the life blood of the Church in America.

After Mass we all attended the Jubilee breakfast at the Gresham Hotel. Over thirty people were present in the private dining room. I met and talked with some of the Mercy Sisters who had taught Monsignor when he was a little boy. They knew some of our Mercy Sisters in Los Angeles and they asked many questions about Catholic Action in America. It is hard for the Irish to realize the need for women to take an active part in the work of the Church. When I briefly outlined some of the work being done in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine; teaching released-time classes, home visiting, discussion clubs, parish libraries, parent educator programs etc. they were amazed. Their amazement is understandable; Ireland is so completely Catholic and their life is so beautifully simple, that the mad, hectic pace we set is almost inconceivable.

While all this discussion was going on we were eating one of the finest breakfasts ever; delicious Irish bacon, ham and sausage, home-made wheat meal bread, porridge, eggs, sweet rolls and fruit. We had fallen in love with Ireland and the gracious, friendly people, and were hating the thought of taking the afternoon plane back to London, when our friends began to urge us to change our plans and stay over longer. Believe me at the first invitation, K.C. dashed down to the ticket office and changed our reservations. In a twinkling the children got their heads together and planned a real fun day, the menfolk took K.C. under their wing and Minnie McGinnis (bless her heart) suggested that we go shopping. We took a double-decker bus to the center of town and had great fun buying some beautiful Irish linens and a very elegant pencil-slim, silk umbrella with a real cane handle. Some one once wrote that you never see a strange face in Ireland and he is right. Everyone looks like someone you know and its probably due to the fact that almost everyone has relatives in the States. I chatted at great length with many of the salespeople about their brothers, sisters, aunts or uncles who are living in America.

When we got back to the hotel, great plans had been made for the rest of our stay. We were driven out to Farndreg, the lovely country home of Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis. On the way we stopped in Dundalk and visited St. Peter's Church and saw the amazingly well-preserved head of Blessed Oliver Plunkett. The children were

already very much at home at Farndreg when we arrived, they were like two little puppies running through the green meadows, feeding sugar to Brophy, a fine Irish hunter, romping with the dogs, climbing the giant trees, and picking fruit in the orchard. We had a delightful tea and then all went out to Ballymascanlon Inn for Monsignor's Jubilee dinner.

This Inn was once a great estate and is completely charming. From our rooms we can see the beautiful grounds and have a magnificent view of lakes, meadows and hills. Mr. and Mrs. Quinn the Proprietors, treat us like visiting royalty. They have a boy and a girl, Oliver and Marian who are old friends of Ann and Denise, and somewhere along the way they picked up Roddy and Jane and the eight of them lost no time finding the lawn-tennis court, putting green, and a darling old pony named Bobbie. I breathed a quick prayer of thanksgiving for nylons and orlons when I saw the condition of the girl's clothes and made a mental note to do a little laundry before going to bed.

All the people we had met at breakfast and more came out to Ballymascanlon for the Jubilee dinner. We sat down to eat at 9 p.m. and finished at 11:45. I can't begin to describe the food and service. It was great fun, there were toasts, speeches and songs. I sat next to Monsignor Stokes, the pastor of St. Peter's in Dundalk, he was most cordial and interesting. We enjoyed the singing most of all, almost everyone rose and sang his favorite song and we all joined in on some of them. The children had dinner together in their own private dining room and had their own sing-song.

July 24

We slept until 10 a.m. and after breakfast Father Dennis, Kitty Leonard, and their cousin Jo took us for a drive to the sea, and a visit to the Long Woman's grave. They made quite a point of our visiting the grave and we were very curious as to the identity of the Long Woman. We were told that an ancient Irish lad of great size, paid a visit to Spain and while there, wooed and won a beautiful, tall Spanish Princess. He told her of the beauties of his homeland and persuaded her to "come back to Ireland" with him. When she saw the barren hills and the bogs she died from loneliness and a broken-heart. After driving for some miles through the lovely country, Father Dennis stopped the car and told us to get out and drop a stone on the grave. We jumped out expecting to see an ancient shrine, but saw nothing but fields of purple and white heather and across the valley a large, rocky, barren hill. In answer to our puzzled expressions they pointed to the top of the rocky hill and said "There she is, can't you see her?" Sure and begorra there she was, if we looked closely we could make out of the rock formation what appeared to be the long form of a woman with her sharp nose and long feet pointing toward the sky.

We should have known that Father Dennis wouldn't let us leave Ireland without giving us a sample of the tall tales. Knowing better

we had to ask the inevitable question, "Why do we drop a stone"? With a solemn face and twinkling eyes, he answered, "To keep her down of course." Nevertheless we threw a stone and tramped through the fields of heather to the sea. The sea was many shades of blue and across the bay we could see the North of Ireland, a sight a true son of Erin turns his back on. We were treated to many a tall tale of the smuggling that went on during the last war. We went back to the Inn for lunch and then were taken to the country races at Dundalk.

These country races were quite an experience. Every other race is a steeple-chase and it is quite a sight to see the magnificent Irish Hunters taking the jumps. Even the children are allowed to bet and the bets start at 2 shillings (28¢). The youngsters would pool their resources, carefully scrutinize the horses, as they marched around the paddock, and make their bets. They won four races straight and you never heard such excitement. We all managed to win a little. I won 4 shillings. It was a grand day; the weather has been perfectly beautiful, like our nicest summer days, seems even the weather was in on the conspiracy to make our stay a pleasant one. 'Tho we had been walking and standing all afternoon we weren't the least bit tired. The thick grass under foot was like a soft carpet.

It was at the races that I had my first look at the "Tinkers." They are quite unique and the dirtiest, sturdiest and raggediest bunch of gypsies I have ever seen. It's no wonder that the worst insult you can give an Irishman is to call him a Tinker. They spotted us for Americans immediately and would pester us for money. One woman came up to me and begged for a few pennies to feed the poor sick child that was lying limply in her arms. I was about to empty my purse when Mrs. McGinnis took me away. I looked back and saw her making a face at me, and giving "the poor sick child" a swat as he jumped out of her arms to join his playmates.

We went back to the Inn for tea, freshened up a bit and then out to Farndreg for an enjoyable evening of good food, good company, and good conversation. It's amazing how the time can fly, before we knew it, it was 1 a.m. and long past our bed time.

July 25

Monsignor was saying Mass for the St. Louis Sisters in Dundalk so Mrs. Quinn took us into the Convent at 9 a.m. It was interesting to visit the new convent and new school and talk to the sisters. They had just sent some of their sisters to the Los Angeles Archdiocese, to help in the Confraternity program. The convent is built in the shadow of the ruins of an old stone castle and I wished I had the time to browse around a bit more. But as we had to be at the Airport at noon, we had to hurry back. After light refreshments on the terrace we started off rather sadly for Dublin, and the Airport. Our friends came along to see us off, bringing gifts of flowers, books and sweets. The children begged us to go on to Europe alone and pick them up

on the way back, we couldn't blame them too much; it was hard to leave Ireland and the many fine friends we had made.

After our plane took off Carol began to cry—the Stewardess rushed over thinking she was sick—but she shook her head and wailed in a loud voice, “If I can't stay in Ireland, I want to go home.” A young Priest across the aisle, nodded his head in misty-eyed agreement. I think that if anyone had whistled “Come back to Erin” we'd have all cried.

We had a nice flight and London was just as dirty, smelly and sooty as we had remembered it. We were leaving in the morning for Holland so we hurried to our hotel to pack and get things ready. Our Courier, Mrs. Vador was waiting for us and very upset and worried because we stayed longer than she had expected. We were very sorry to have worried her, but as there had been no scheduled tours, we didn't think she would miss us.

July 26, 1952

Doelen Hotel
Amsterdam

We left our hotel in London at 7:30 A.M. and were taken by bus to Liverpool Station where after a long delay we were put aboard a train for Harwick, this train took two hours. At Harwick we boarded the “Koningin Emma” a Dutch ship for the passage to Holland. It being a weekend, all England seemed to be on a holiday and the boat was terribly overcrowded. We all shuddered to think what might have happened if there had been a rough sea. However the day was lovely, the sea calm, and in spite of the crowds, we thoroughly enjoyed our six hour crossing.

We landed at the Hook of Holland and had another long wait at Customs. It seems that one of our party fell asleep and forgot to make his declarations aboard ship so the rest of us had to wait an hour for him. Needless to say he is not the most popular member of the group. We enjoyed the ride from the Hook to Amsterdam. This part of Holland is exactly as we imagined it to be; a low flat country with many windmills, dykes and old stone farmhouses. There was a low white mist over the fields and only the heads of the cattle were visible. As we neared Amsterdam we were amazed to see mile after mile of new homes. We were told that all this was done after the war and is considered one of the finest housing projects in the world.

We didn't reach our hotel until 11 p.m. and were all very tired and hungry. We are staying at the Doelen, a beautiful old hotel that has been the favorite of royalty for almost a century: it is here in the tap-room that Rembrandt sat and watched the soldiers to get the right expressions and faces for his famous “Night Watch.” Our rooms are lovely and the beds especially inviting, very high with soft down puffs to keep out the dampness and cold. We were told to hurry down to the dining room as they were expecting us and a

hot meal was ready for us. What a fine meal it was. Thick, hot soup, filet mignon, and of course an assortment of fine Dutch cheese. Typical of the Dutch thoughtfulness and hospitality, even the musicians waited for us and furnished some lovely music while we ate. The children were delighted with the violinist who wandered from table to table as he played. Even the excitement of good food, music and a new country couldn't keep us awake any longer so we retired to our rooms and slept like we had been drugged.

July 27

Today being Sunday we arose ahead of the rest and made our way to nearby St. Francis Xavier Cathedral for Mass. Our hotel overlooks a canal and we had a nice walk along the canal to the church. The desk clerk warned us to be prepared for a long sermon (and he was so right) but he neglected to warn us about the collections, six in all. K.C. made the mistake of putting too many guilders in the first two and we had an awful time scraping up enough left over shillings, francs and American coins for the rest of them. The fifth collection, apparently a seat collection, was taken up by a solemn faced little Dutch priest who carried a basket and a large roll of tickets. He stopped at our pew and K.C. emptied his pockets of the assorted coins, the little priest examined each one with noticeable dissatisfaction, reluctantly tore off four tickets, and with a shrug and a deep sigh, moved on to the next pew. About this time all four of us got the giggles and were barely able to control ourselves through the rest of the Mass. When we got outside we were very doubtful as to whether or not we had fulfilled our Sunday obligation, but one thing was certain we could not afford to go back to the next Mass.

After breakfast we took a tour out into the country. We visited one of the farm houses and the Dutch housewife showed us how the famous Edam cheeses are made. She was very good to us and gave us all a big glass of milk and a piece of cheese. The house and the stables were immaculate, the windows sparkled, (this is true all over Holland) and we were intrigued with the lovely lace curtains and the cupboard beds. Our guide then took us to Vollendam. This is a fishing village and on Sunday every one wears the native Dutch costume. When we arrived the entire population of the village was at church. We slipped in the back of beautiful St. Vincent's Cathedral and were lucky to be in time for a Solemn High Nuptial Mass. It was really lovely, the men in native costume seated on the right side of the church and the women with their exquisite lace hats on the left. We were able to get some pictures of them as they filed out.

In the afternoon we took a motor boat ride through the canals and around the big harbor. This is one of the big shipping centers of the world and it was most interesting to see the huge liners and freighters from all parts of the globe. The Argentine ships had their flags at half-mast and this was the first we had heard of the death of Eva Peron.

The city of Amsterdam is completely charming and so are the Dutch people. Almost everyone speaks English and we feel very much at home. The city is made up of a network of canals, so it is quite cold and damp. There have been intermittent rains and we are enjoying the warm clothes we brought with us. The food is excellent especially the dairy products. We even have cheese for breakfast.

July 28

It was raining very hard when we awakened and as we were leaving the next day for Switzerland, we spent part of the morning repacking, and getting our things in order. Attired in our plastic slickers and drizzle boots we set out for a visit to Rembrandt's house and the National Museum. Our rain wear caused quite a sensation wherever we went. It seems the Dutch had never seen anything like it. We were a little embarrassed when people on the streets would point at us and laugh. The tour of the Museum was most interesting, we saw Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and paintings by Rubens, Van Gogh, Vermeer, and many others.

We had promised the children that if it stopped raining we would rent bikes and ride out into the country, but it didn't stop so we sloshed about the city, shopping, browsing, stopping now and then for a delicious cup of hot chocolate and returned to our hotel to dry out and freshen up for dinner. Dinner was quite a gala affair; our friend the violinist outdid himself and the waiters (all fine looking, well educated young men) brought many extra delicacies to make our last meal a memorable one.

K.C. and the children have long since been snuggled cosily under the down puffs, and I find myself casting longing glances in the direction of my own bed.

POINSETTIA

By Mary Jo Rennison

Awarded a Certificate of Merit by the Atlantic Monthly

*In fading golden lacework of the sycamore
From southern warmth spring new, green leaves
Hesitant, afraid, they lean to sodden earth,
Begging to emit the triumph of their seed.
Tips tinged with scarlet, they fold back, hold back,
Until at last, Nativity—the Bloom.*

His Pen is a Gypsy's Ribbon

By Sister Eva Francis, C.S.J.

*. . . takes the light and ranges
Through all the moods that pass . . .
And gives the world a glimpse of all
The colours it forgets.*

Like the *Barrel-Organ* music, which catches the highest note of human joy as well as the dull mechanic beat of daily routine, transforming them both into an eternal melody so the sensitive pen of Alfred Noyes winds like a ribbon through the loom of life, weaving an everlasting tapestry through its exploitation of color.

Onto one tip of the fabric slips a sheer gossamer shred—the lyric *At Dawn*—laying a pale, filmy web over the earth. The poet asks

*Have we not known, we too,
The primal greenwood's arch of blue,
The radiant clouds at sunrise curled
Around the brows of the golden world;
The marble temples, washed with dew,
To which with rosy limbs aflame
The violet-eyed Thalassian came?*

The ascent of *Mount Ida* he describes as a climbing up the “long glens of golden dew,” while “the tearful hyacinth and the greenwood spray” cling to keep him from “the sapphire goal.”

“*The Little Garden*” in *Orchard's Bay* is a butterfly garden where “faultless Painted Ladies unfold their pearly fans, inlaid with moon and stars;” where “the Chilian orange-ball . . . tempts the freckled Blues to flutter near.”

In another more humorous chapter of the same book Dorothy Perkins' lover promises her “soft music on ivory flutes” and “white peacocks to walk on her lawn at sunset.” And in speaking of Nature's faintly tinted loveliness, he says that *The Elfin Artist* “mingled powdery colours and painted the lights that pass.”

Yet only a shallow portion of life is pale and delicate, and Mr. Noyes realizes that the pastels of childhood must give way all too soon to the sturdier blends of tougher strands. So his fragile net thickens suddenly into a taut, shiny stretch of vivid silk. His *Forty Singing Seamen*

*. . . landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow
through the dark!*

And they “crossed a plain of poppies and came upon a fountain . . . like a spray of leaping fire.” Later in Prester John's palace the

sailors found that "the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby," and they "walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured cloud." Then in terror they cringed in face of a "crimson leopard," a "sea-green lion," and a "red and yellow unicorn dancing round a tree."

Finally, for a moment, like a dark-eyed gypsy vagabond, the words dash out into the adventurous sunlight, loosing their gaudy satin streamers to blaze across the page. In *Drake* the poet paints

*England ablaze with colour; her Devonshire lads
In steel and velvet, raking the Spanish Main
For emeralds, pearls, piratical red doubloons,
Or swaggering through the sunset into the dawn.*

And, lest Drake's crew be not completely defined in terms of color, Mr. Noyes says that they "shone with musketoon and dagger; their tawny brows bound with soiled scarves of orange and sweat-stained blue;" and that "they shook the sweat off, shaking the silver rings a-flash in their sun-bronzed ears."

The Indian girl in the *River of Stars*, a tale of Niagara, wears a "crown of dark blue wampum," while her breast grows "red with her lover's heart's blood." In contrast, the queen in *The Lord of Misrule* tears "her green gown," baring a "shoulder as white as the May that crowned her," while all the minstrels round her "tilted back their crimson hats."

In reminiscing about scenes *On the South Coast* he focuses upon the "white cliff" spreading the surf "on greening seas that glitter and trail . . . like a peacock's tail." There is more of this gleaming color upon a milky canvas in the *World's Wedding* where love went by with sun-stained feet "where poppies fired the nut-brown wheat," as "chalk shone white beneath the sheaves" and "the sunset flamed so fierce a red," and "bare black boughs were choked with snow."

Even *The Opalescent Parrot*, the Victorian bird who speaks with authority on the foibles of the authors of the day, has "long green wings, eyes like rubies with grey wrinkles round them, and a crest that looks as if it had been dyed in the blood of Prester John."

In another prose work, the novel *No Other Man*, Mr. Noyes has his hero, Mark Adams, discover the only woman left in the world, standing on a terrace overlooking the bay at Salerno. She was "gazing out at sea, with her light print dress fluttering round her like a flower in the wind from the south, and her shining head of flaxen hair like a little sunset cloud against the stainless blue of the sky." Adams hastens down to her, past where "the green lizards rustled and streaked into hiding under the saffron-flowering cistus and rosy-petaled stock." Later, on the first day of married life, they visit together the ruins of an old Greek colony, "a stretch of dry sunburnt wilderness," a massive survival from a vanished world, standing "up against the dark amethyst of the distant hills."

Back again to his poems, especially in *Bacchus and the Pirates*, the satin ribbon shimmers under the weight of still deeper tints; and the reader feels a more mature satisfaction as he presses his fingers against the lush purple tape, dyed in the nectar of aged wine. One can almost taste "the sunset-skies" which were "dashed with blood of the grape, as the sun like a new-staved barrel, flooded the tumbling west with wine and spattered the clouds with crimson gleams."

The same glittering contrast of warm tones sketched against dull backgrounds is evident in *A Knight of the Ocean-Sea*, for Mr. Noyes paints London as "one huge cob-webbed flagon of old wine" glowing "under the foggy sunset." And still streaking his rainbow pencil across a chalky canvas, he writes in *Black Bill's Honey-Moon* of the "foam-white ocean of bloom with its wonderful spokes of gold," where "our sun-burnt crew in the rose-red gloom like buccaneer galleons rolled."

And though the gypsy ribbon swirls in the wind and drags in the dust widening and tapering to fit the size world it encases, never does it fade or lose its verdancy. Whether it wanders into ruined towns or lifts up new-born insects onto its slim folds, it moves in the path of vibrant color. In *Avicenna's Dream* Mr. Noyes tells us:

*I came upon an ancient City.
I saw the long white crescent of its wall
Stained with the thin peach-blood,
Blistered by the sun.*

Yet the eye may rest from this burning vision by lingering on the cooler, calm *Shadow of Pascal* in which the poet describes the butterfly as it "spread its fans, white veined with green, on a rock of sunlit slag."

Gradually moving out of the shadows toward the ever-living sea, the gay sash sweeps over the ocean, leaving its rainbow colors reflected in the waters. When the moon rose in the poem *In Other Worlds*, the "waves burned with little flaming crests of rose and green;" and the "tide, like an opal river," returned. The forests, too, feel the tight embrace of the glowing band. *A Song of Sherwood* announces that "oaken-hearted England is waking as of old, with eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold."

Then as the wild-eyed, dark-skinned gypsy wanders out of the woods into the heart of the city and rides on 'gaudy busses' where "scores of weary feet" beat time to *Barrel-Organ* music, her streamers flash across the sky that "burns blue above" and wind about the "meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat, in the land where the dead dreams go."

But the bold satin banners with their glaring, vivid stiffness ease into the soft, luxuriant folds of velvet when beyond the purple country moors, "a red-coat troop" comes "marching out of the tawny

sunset" to capture *The Highwayman* in his coat of claret velvet and breeches of brown doe-skin." The robber's face "burns like a brand" with the fresh remembrance of his sweetheart's long hair "tumbling over his breast" as a "black cascade of perfume."

Finally, beyond the isles of Britain, far across the American plains, the velvet band gathers its *Memories of the Pacific Coast* where "green-tressed pepper grows, in willowy trees that drop red tassels down, and carpet the brown road with tints of rose between the palms that aisle the moon-white town." It hovers also above the wide California valleys where *Junipero Finds a Lodging for the Night*, then clasps the "dark patterned orange groves," the "soft grey clouds of olive orchards," and the "dove-brown walnut trees" of the west.

At last, after miles of travel over the mountains and down through the dales, the tired gypsy, weary of her labyrinthian journey, lifts her regal head like "the women all over the world" described by Noyes in *The Last Voyage*. She walks "in the sheen of the peacock" with "stars in her hair" and a "film of the rainbow"—her ribbon of many colors—"to wrap round her shoulders at dawn."

Virgil and Dante

By Sally Snow

"O courteous Mantuan Spirit, whose fame still lasts in the world and will last as long as Time!" ("Inferno," Canto I).¹ This is the tribute paid to Virgil in the opening lines of the *Divine Comedy*. Certainly Dante had reason to revere Virgil, for the debt he owed to him was enormous (I refer not to the figurative debt for guidance through Hell and Purgatory, but to the concrete debt of inspiration and style). The meter and form of the *Divine Comedy* are variations of those used by Virgil, and Dante in his *De Vulgari Eloquentia* claimed Virgil as his master and authoritative model.

Dante as a young boy had read the *Aeneid*; then, as now, the *Aeneid* was an important part of Latin study, but to Dante, Virgil's work must have been much more than just a part of his curriculum. "There are endless citations and allusions in his writings to show that he knew his Virgil as well as he knew his Bible and his Aristotle."² Unmistakably the *Divine Comedy* is filled with acknowledgments of Dante's love and admiration for the master poet. The sixth book of the *Aeneid* which describes the descent of Aeneas into the world of the spirit served as a model for Dante in writing his great work, particularly for the "Inferno." Naturally, there are differences. Virgil was a pagan and Dante was a Christian—this is the basic differentiating factor; Dante's Catholicity permeates his work, changes Virgil's concepts, and acts as a refining and perfecting influence. Still, for all the differences in time and beliefs, there is a definite likeness between the "Inferno" and the sixth book of the *Aeneid*.

Both Aeneas and Dante, in their descent to the underworld, are accompanied by guides—Aeneas by the Cumaean Sybil and Dante by Virgil. Aeneas obtains his passage by presentation of the famed golden bough, while Dante's visitation is by the will of "that Emperor who reigns above" ("Inferno," Canto I). In the first courts and entrances of Hell, Aeneas finds all the scourges of the world—sorrow, disease, fear, hunger, bondage, death, and war, also the legendary monsters—Briareus, Chimaera, the Gorgons, and Geryon. In this respect the *Divine Comedy* differs from the *Aeneid*, for Dante tells us that Briareus stands among the giants who guard the ninth and last circle of Hell, and Geryon is the monster who conveys Dante and Virgil from the seventh to the eighth circle.

Dante and Aeneas are both ferried across the river Acheron by Charon, and the two poems are strikingly similar in their description of the boatsman. Virgil describes Charon as:

¹Dante, *Divine Comedy*, Modern Library edition, Carlyle-Wicksteed translation (New York: Random House, 1932). This edition will be used for all future quotations; unfortunately it does not have the lines numbered.

²Gerald G. Walsh, S.J., *Dante* (Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company, 1946), p. 37.

*Guarding these waters and floods is a boatman, beheld with
a shudder,*

*Charon, of terrible filth, whose great gray beard all neglected
Lies unkempt on his chin; his eyes ever fiercely are blazing;
Dingy the mantle and foul that hangs in a knot from his
shoulders;*

(*Aeneid*, book 6, 11. 297-301).³

Dante tells us:

*Then the wooly cheeks were quiet of the Steersman on
the livid marsh, who round his eyes had wheels of flame.*

("Inferno," Canto III).

The crowds of people waiting for Charon to ferry them across the river Acheron are noted by both Dante and Aeneas. In the *Aeneid*, the spirits wait joyfully on the bank, they stretch out their hands in passionate longing, they beseech Charon to take them to the other side. In the *Divine Comedy*, they weep and fear and blaspheme God, their parents, and even their own birth. This is in accord with the Christian and pagan concepts of life after death. The pagan spirits have yet to face their judgment and cherish the hope that they will go to Elysium; the Christians have been judged, realize what they have lost, and are condemned to Hell for all eternity. A prefigure of the Christian idea of Purgatory is advanced by the Roman poet when he mentions that the dead spirits are forced to wander on the bank until they are deemed worthy to cross over.

There is a limbo in both poems, but Virgil's Limbo is the dwelling place of those who were not properly interred and who were unhonored after death; Dante's Limbo is the dwelling place of those who lived naturally good lives and died unbaptized. In the pagan concept, the shades of those slain by unjust judgments and suicides are included in this region; in the Christian concept, the souls of the unjustly slain receive much better treatment and the suicides considerably worse. Virgil tells us that the souls in Limbo (he does not call it by that term) feel the same sorrows that they did in the world, while Dante says that they are filled with an eternal sense of inestimable loss.

The Hell of Virgil is not composed of serried rings as Dante's is; rather, it is one large region in which all the cursed are assembled. There are different punishments for all, and each is tortured in a degree according to his sin. Virgil calls his Hell "Tartarus," and there the dead are judged not by Minos but by the Cretan Rhadamanth who exposes their secret sins and determines their guilt. Then the shades are placed in the charge of Tisiphone who oversees their torture, aided by the Furies and the Centaurs. There is some similarity between the two poems in the description of Tisiphone; in the *Aeneid*, she is described:

³Virgil, *Aeneid*, translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930). This edition will be used for all further quotations.

*Armed with avenging scourge, Tisiphone lashes the guilty,
Ceaselessly taunting their woe, her left hand lifting her cruel
Serpents on high, and she calls her pitiless army of sisters
(Aeneid, book 6, 11. 570-572).*

Dante tells us that Tisiphone was one of the three Furies who guarded the entrance to the city of Dis:

*. . . for my
eye had drawn me wholly to the high tower with glowing
summit,
where all at once had risen up three Hellish Furies,
stained with blood; who had the limbs and attitude of
woman,
and were girt with greenest hydras; for hair, they had
little serpents and cerastes, wherewith their horrid temples
were bound.*

*And he, knowing well the handmaids of the Queen of ever-
lasting lamentation, said to me: "Mark the fierce Erinnyes!*

*This is Megaera on the left hand; she that weeps upon
the right is Alecto; Tisiphone is in the middle" . .*

("Inferno." Canto IX).

In the "Inferno" there are two main kinds of sin—sins of incontinence and sins of malice. The sins grow increasingly worse and the sinners receive apportionately more horrible punishment as the dividing circles descend in depth. The places of the sinners in Hell are determined by Minos who "sits horrific and grins" ("Inferno," Canto V). Virgil does not go into the detail that Dante does in describing Hell's mearods of torture and the persons who undergo them. Some sins, though, were thought by both poets to be especially deserving of punishment; in a few instances the chastisements are different, but in other cases they are similar.

Gluttons are punished severely in both concepts of Hell. Dante has them face down on the ground, deluged by an eternal storm of hail and snow and foul water, while Cerberus, the legendary three-headed monster "clutches the spirits, flays, and piecemeal rends them" ("Inferno," Canto VI). Horrible though this punishment is, the torture of the gluttons in the *Aeneid* is much more fiendish. They lie on golden couches before a sumptuous feast, and every time they attempt to take a mouthful, the Furies, shrieking and showing their claws, thrust the food away.

Every type of sinner to whom Virgil gives a place in Hell is also put there by Dante—slain adulterers, men who broke faith with their lawful lords, those who hated their brothers or fathers, people who tricked their friends. The *Aeneid* lists various tortures without mention of the crimes they punish—rolling huge stones and hanging on wheels lashed to the whirling spokes; these are also used by Dante.

And so there is a kinship between these two poets, a kinship born

not only of style and allusion, but of imagination and sympathy. It is, perhaps, this sympathy that binds them closest, for separated by almost thirteen hundred years, they are one in love of beauty and right. It is entirely natural that Dante should have for his guide the poet who had so deeply influenced the life of his intellect. It is even more natural that, when Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy*, he should have reference to the masterpiece which he had read and reread. We, who inherit their treasures, rejoice that the "wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man"⁴ was followed by Dante, "the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest."⁵

⁴Alfred Tennyson, "To Virgil," *The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson* (Chicago: Bedford, Clarke and Company, 1886), p. 612, ll. 39-40.

⁵John Ruskin, as quoted by John Macy, "Dante," *The Story of the World's Literature* (New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc., 1925), p. 193.

Hades

By Carla Wright

When the three greatest gods of Greek mythology, so the story goes, divided the world among themselves, Zeus obtained dominion over the heavens and upper regions, Poseidon became ruler of the sea, while Hades gained sovereignty over the underworld.¹

It is the latter's character and that of his domain which will be described in this paper. The accounts of Hades, as seen through the eyes and mind of an ancient Greek, are rather sketchy and many details are very contradictory. In view of this, only those facts which seem to have been universally accepted will be presented. The facts are supported by reference, the presentation is frankly fictional.

The time is 500 years before the birth of Christ. The place is a finely decorated sick-room in Athens, Greece. The main character is the very noble Aighustus. That man is I, and I am dying. They haven't yet told me, but I know, and my courage no longer serves me. Legends and sacred beliefs about the next world are ever in my mind, and, though I am sure that there is a life after death, how can I know where and what that life will be?

I have only one comfort. Though my health is gone, my memory still serves me. Thanks be to Zeus. The priests teach that after death and honorable burial my shade will speed to the land of the West by the river Ocean. I will find the opening to the other world near Naples at a spot where hot springs and weird upheavals of earth warn all the living to beware the wrath of the gods, and all the dead to beware the scale of justice. I never had time to travel there. Wars and family cares always kept me from long travels, but no wish of mine can keep me from that place tonight.

My hand is wet from the tears of my dear wife, but my weakness prevents my comforting her, only my mind speeds on within the shell of my body. This moisture reminds me of another teaching. Hades is no land place alone. It is surrounded by rivers. Cocytus, the river of Woe, springs from beneath the sulfur throne of Pluto, flowing with the tears of the condemned. Athena grant that my tears do not increase its depth! Then Phlegethon, the river of Fire, separates the realm of the condemned from that of the blessed. Hera let me abide on the happy side of the river! How I desire to drink of the river Lethe which brings eternal forgetfulness of all unpleasantness of this world to those who taste of its waters. One river I know that I must meet, Acheron, the main entrance to Hades. And I recall a passage relating to my coming adventure.

¹Guy S. Ford, (ed.), *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Vol. VI (Chicago: F. E. Compton & Co., 1952) p. 241.

Hermes mustered the immigrants bound for its shores, and Charon, the grim, grey ferryman, transported them at the established tariff of an obol a head, while Kerberos, the three-headed hound, stood guard at its main entrance.

No happy prospect can I find for this voyage. What if my family and friends are not familiar with the custom of putting a passage coin in my mouth as soon as I die? I would wander for a hundred years on the shore of Acheron. Charon demands his passage money, and will they remember to put by my side a honey cake so that I may pacify that horrible hound? If I could only gather the strength to remind them. Oh Poseidon inspire them to remember! Death is horrible enough without these added burdens of doubt and worry.

If I am allowed to enter this strange kingdom, I wonder how it will be organized. Many of the wise men of this time believe that it will be similar to this earthly kingdom. There is certainly a king and queen. Hades and Persephone rule the spirits of the dead. I have known that since I was a child. It was my dear mother who told me of Hades, the son of Cronus and Rhea, who wears a helmet which renders him invisible. He might well stay invisible for all I care. All know that he has a stern and gloomy countenance. For this reason are no temples dedicated to him. There would be little use, since he alone of all the gods is not moved by prayers and flattery. I have offered him sacrifice, dismal as it was. And I used only the proper black animals, befitting his position. Perhaps he is not so stern as it is believed, for just recently people have begun to call him Pluto, and attribute to him the title "giver of wealth." Well may he be thus honored, since he surely controls all precious minerals hidden in the depths of the earth. Even grain springs forth from the ground. His realm cannot be so very dismal.

A new fear besets me! Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, the three judges, are less-well known to me. But they are surely wise and just men, and I fear their questions very little. Themis, who holds the scales of life is also fair. Surely my good deeds shall outweigh my bad deeds. Never have I refused a traveler the hospitality of my house. Ever have I been faithful and loving to my wife and children. I have not always been so courageous as I might have been, however; and my tribute to the gods has seldom exceeded the minimum. Yet Hera has always aided me, and her tribute from me has been as generous as her assistance. Hera, let the scale balance in my favor! I could not bear to travel with the Three Furies, those hideous sisters with their hair of snakes, who lead the condemned to their place of punishment. Hera support me then! Now suddenly I remember so many times and places where I did not choose the thing most honorable. I never did anything so very wrong, but for what standard of honor am I responsible? Now I could not endure the suffering lot of the condemned! My crimes have been so few. Oh Hera, let them

²Louis H. Gray, (ed.), *The Mythology of All Races* (Boston: Marshall Jones Co., 1916) p. 142.

weigh light! Divine, beautiful Hera, don't let my friends in—What is that I see? Is that Hermes? But give me a moment to complete my prayer. Don't rush so! Hera, don't let my friends in their grief forget the coin and the cake. Let go my arm, you fellow! The coin and cake, Hera!! But wait, you aren't Hermes. This couldn't be Hades! But I thought. . . . That is, the priests told me. . . . Don't push! I must go back and tell someone. Someone in the world must be told. Someone must know that Hades is .

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Becker, Wilhelm A. *Charicles*. New York: Longman's, Green and Co., 1906.
- Ceray, Louis H. (ed.) *The Mythology of All Races*. Vol. I. Boston: Marshall Jones Co., 1916.
- Guerber, H. A. *The Book of the Epic*. London: J. B. Lippincott, 1913.
- Tallock, Jessie M. *Greek and Roman Mythology*. New York: Century Co., 1917.
- Whebley, Leonard (ed.) *Companion to Greek Studies*. Cambridge: University Press, 1916.
- Zimmerman, Alice. *The Home Life of the Ancient Greeks*. New York: Cassell Co., 1910.

ARTICLES

- Ford, Guy S. (ed.). *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*. Vol. VI. Chicago: F. E. Compton and Co., 1952.
- Suzzallo, Henry (ed.). *National Encyclopedia*. Vol. V. New York: P. F. Collier and Sons, 1933.

Scenes from Our Lady's Life

By Sister M. Dolorosa

I

"John is his name!" Zachary wrote this command on a scroll offered him by relatives who were indignant that Elizabeth wished to call her son by a name non-traditional in their line.

As he wrote, the old priest felt the dumbness fall from his tongue, and his hymn of exaltation, filled with the Holy Spirit, burst forth in thanksgiving. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people. * * * And thou child shalt be called the prophet of the highest."

Did the aged Zachary and Elizabeth die during the early childhood years of this cherished son or did they, like Abraham, sacrifice him to the Lord, as Joachim and Anne had done with their loved little Mary when they led her to the temple?

The Gospel word says only: "And the child grew and was strengthened in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his manifestation to Israel."

Shortly after the birth of this favored child, Mary made preparations to return to Nazareth. How loathe her sainted cousin must have been to let her go, but in this as in all else, duty and resignation to God's will governed their lives. Doubtless Joseph returned to conduct her home, as we cannot believe that he would trust this dear one to a chance traveller through the hill country.

Blossoming fruit trees, wild flowers nestling in the grass along the roadside filled the journey with beauty, and though it was a long and toilsome one, the joy of once more being together took away some of the discomfort.

Mary described to Joseph the marvellous recovery of Zachary's speech, and his prophetic hymn, while Joseph told her of the news of Nazareth, of neighbors who had missed her, of his own pleasure that she would be again with him, hiding the loneliness those three months had brought.

Welcome was the first distant glimpse of that little home on the hillside, half-hidden by the grey olive trees. Mary's garden, carefully tended during her absence was ablaze with colorful beauty. Kneeling beside a Madonna lily she pressed its unsullied whiteness to her pure lips. "A virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son."

II

A deep and quiet joy filled the lives of God's chosen ones in the little house of Nazareth. Though Joseph was poor, his prudent econ-

omy enabled him to provide for Mary the necessities of life. Theirs was a small cottage covering an area of ground, about thirty-one by thirteen feet (the ground area of the Holy House of Loretto). It was divided into two cubicles whose furniture—sleeping mats, spread on the floor at night, and rolled up against the wall during the day, a prayer cushion and a little stool—was all sufficient. A larger room where a family could gather for common prayer and for meals, opened on a tiny court, flanked by a small workshop.

Joseph had made a bench for Mary and placed it in the garden near enough to his open door, that he might be uplifted by her pure beauty, as they conversed together. He sawed, planed and polished articles of furniture, by whose sale he gained their daily bread; a baby's crib, gave loving occupation for his leisure hours. Mary's gaze rested on it with longing, as she hemmed the linen swaddling bands destined to protect the wee body of her Child.

Daily as they worked they quoted passages of Scripture relating to the Messiah. "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." "He shall not crush the bruised reed." "A man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity." "His sepulchre shall be glorious." They pondered and did not always understand.

Would their eyes see this glorious sepulchre or would His hands, as in nature's ordinary course compose their bodies for the tomb? And as they prayed and meditated, like a refrain of music in Mary's heart, a whisper breathed, "And Thou Bethlehem the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda."

Nazareth was their home and Bethlehem was seventy miles away, yet Mary's peace was untroubled by curiosity concerning the Saviour's birth place. "Our times are in His Hands." Her duties lay at Nazareth, so day by day she performed her household tasks, and offered them as perfect gifts to her Maker.

Three New Words

By Sister St. George, C.S.J.

Mama was in the kitchen slicing carrots for supper when Carla skipped up the back steps and slammed the screen door behind her. "Mama," she panted, hugging her mother, carrots and all, "the fourth grade is going have a Christmas party, and we're going to bring presents, and we're going to wear our best clothes and . . ."

Mama put down her paring knife and smiled. "Party? Ja," she said, "that is good—to have parties for Christmas. What you do at the party?"

"Oh, Mama, it's going to be in the auditorium, and we're going to have a big Christmas tree and games and prizes! Santa Claus is coming too!"

Mama nodded. "Ja, is good to have parties for Christmas like in the old country. If you be good girl, we find for you a present and—maybe we fix over for you Anna's blue dress so you have a new one. You like that, Carla?"

"Mama! A new dress for me! Really? When can I try it on? Can we start now?" Carla hopped across the squares in the linoleum.

Mama reached for another carrot. "No, first is supper, and then we tell Papa. Now, you go to change the clothes and do the homework. Remember Papa likes to hear the new words you learn."

Carla grinned and bounced out of the kitchen. Her brown oxfords touched every other step as she zipped up the stairs to her room. Towser looked out from under the bed. Carla blew him a kiss, ran to the closet, and jerked her red gingham washdress off the hanger.

"One! Two! Three! I'm ready, Towser! Let's do my homework extra-special so Mama'll start my dress right away. Besides, I learned three super-big words today to make Papa glad. You know he wants me to speak good English like the others. That's why we play our game at supper. Just before dessert somebody always says: 'New words?' Then I have to tell three that I've learned like 'occasion' or 'discipline' or any of the whoppers that Miss Jordan uses sometimes."

In the living room Carla and Towser settled down to arithmetic and spelling with Carla poking her head into the kitchen between times to remind Mama that the party was only three days away—that maybe they would have chocolate ice cream—and could she please use some of the Christmas wrappings for her package.

As the kitchen door banged, after Anna coming home from Junior High, after Marija coming home from the office, after Marko, and Gjuro, and Papa coming home from work together, Carla repeated her news—a real Christmas party—a new dress.

After supper Marija volunteered to take Carla's place at dishes

while Mama pinned, tucked, and stitched Anna's blue velvet down to Carla's size.

For two nights more Mama worked while Carla wriggled through the fittings. Each evening she added more details to her account of the party. Mama, her mouth full of pins, would nod agreeably. Papa would smile over the top of the Croatian newspaper. The boys would groan out loud about broken records, and turn up the radio. On the third night, Carla fell asleep with the new dress hanging beside her bed. Her gift was ready too.

The next morning's sunlight nudged Carla out of bed without Mama's having to call her. She slid out of her burrow under the covers, paused on her knees for prayers, and felt under the bed for Towser.

"Come on, Lazybones, it's time to get up!" Towser thumped his tail disinterestedly. "All right! I'll get ready without you."

Carla scrubbed well, remembering all the spots Mama usually had to remind her about. "Have to scrub knees and elbows special 'cuz Mama says they're always sticking out and getting bumped. Can't go to a party looking like I just finished playing cops and robbers."

She changed quickly from her pajamas to the clean clothing laid out beside her bed. She stooped to buckle on her almost-new Mary Janes and then slipped her dress off the hanger.

"Sometimes it's fun to be a boy, but boys never have new dresses." She rubbed her face against the soft material. "I guess I'm glad I am a girl even if the boys do get to go to work with Papa."

Carla put on the dress, fastened the snaps, and tied the sash. "I'll brush my hair and go down and surprise everyone. It's a good thing I don't have curls 'cuz I could never do them by myself."

"Let's go, Towser. No, not that way—like this—be kind of dignified. I'm the Blue Fairy, and you're my mascot or whatever it is that blue fairies have instead of mascots." Carla picked up the hem of her skirt on either side and with arms extended, drifted down the stairs. "See, Towser, just like the movies."

Carla held her pose at the door of the dining room. "Good morning, everybody. I'm the Blue Fairy."

Gjuro gulped over a mouthful of coffee.

"Hey! Look what dropped in from the society page."

"Whee! Mrs. Astor!" whistled Marko.

Mama smiled. "We do pretty good with the dress—ja, girls?"

Anna and Marija nodded. "She looks like something out of a fashion magazine, Mom. You surely did a good job."

Papa motioned Carla to her place at the table. Towser stretched out under her chair.

"Mama, we have three big girls now. You think so?"

Mama filled Carla's cereal bowl. "Ja, but even big girls need breakfast."

"I'm not really hungry, Mama."

Papa looked up. "Mama says . . ."

Carla picked up her spoon. "Yes, Papa."

"Well, Cookie," teased Gjuro, "you aren't thinking of going on a diet this morning just because your class is serving ice cream and cake at eleven—or are you?"

"Oh, silly, she's just excited," put in Marija.

"Say, if I don't hurry up and get started for work, I know somebody else who's going to be excited," said Marko, nudging his brother and winking at his father. "Let's go before the boss takes after us."

The boys pushed back their chairs and left the table. The girls rose too. "Hey! Mom, come kiss the family breadwinners goodbye," called Gjuro. "And you, Fairy Blue, have a good time. Tell us all about it when we get home."

Carla finished her breakfast and held her plate up for inspection. "Mama, I'm so excited, I ache. I guess I haven't been so excited since all the fire engines came to the Taylors' place when Dick started the grass fire last year."

Carla stood and began to clear the table. Mama put her hand on Carla's shoulder. "Today, I do dishes. You go to get your things now."

"Yes, Mama." Carla collected her books, brought down her gift package, and came back to the kitchen.

"You was ready, Carla?"

"Yes, Mama."

"You be good girl. Study hard to make Papa proud of you." Mama bent over and left a kiss on top of Carla's head. "Hurry, so you don't be late."

Carla gave Mama one last squeeze, sang out a good-bye to Towser, and hopped down the back steps. Then, remembering her clothes, she avoided the short cut through the empty lot next door. Sunday clothes were a big help to Sunday manners Carla decided as her heels clicked a prim tattoo on the walk. She didn't even feel like climbing over the Larsons' hedge or swinging on the Daley's front gate. She didn't think she would ask to clean the blackboards at recess time either. But here she was at school; she could see Jane waiting for her, bouncing her jack ball impatiently.

"Hey! Carla! Hurry up! The bell's going to ring, and we won't have time to talk about the party. Did you bring your present? Let's see it."

All Carla's morning classes were wrapped up in expectation. Even the best-behaved little girls had a hard time keeping the place and finding the right answers. The minutes dragged their feet to the whispers of—"I saw the Christmas tree in the hall"—and—"Mary Blake brought a package as big as big. . ."

Finally, at eleven, the bell rang again. "That's it," beamed Carla.

Miss Jordan began to give a few last instructions—"Be good children—be polite to the ladies—say please and thank you. . . ."

At last, they were in line—in the hall—in the auditorium.

"Oh! Look at the tree—and the presents!"

"Come in, children, and sit down," invited Mary Blake's mother. "You may sit anywhere you choose."

When the children were seated, the ladies began serving refreshments.

"I see your mother, Helen, and yours too, Jane," said Carla munching on a cookie.

"Is your mother here, Carla?" asked Jane.

Carla smiled and sighed; the ice cream was good. "No," she said, "Mama can't come—she's always too busy at home."

"Doesn't she belong to the P.T.A.?" inquired Catherine.

"No."

"Why?"

"'Cuz she's busy."

"That's funny," remarked Helen. "My mother didn't say that. Just last night she said that your mother couldn't be in the P.T.A. 'cuz she's an ig— (she stumbled over the unfamiliar word)—an ignorant foreigner."

"Oh, yes," confided Jane in a low whisper. "My mother told Mrs. Webster that Carla's mother couldn't even speak good English."

"But that's all right, Carla," added Helen. "My mother says that I should be nice to you just the same—even if you are a foreigner and have to wear made-over clothes and things. Mother says that ladies are always kind to in-in-inferiors."

Carla looked at Jane—at Helen—at Catherine. What were they saying? The big words . . .

Catherine smiled pleasantly. "My mother says so too, but it's too bad, Carla, that you can't be just like us. Oh! look what you've done. You spilled ice cream on your dress. It's a good thing it's only a made-over one."

Carla jerked up sharply. She stopped dabbing at the brown stain on her skirt.

"I think I'll ask Miss Jordan if I can go home now—to change." She felt in her pocket for her handkerchief.

Miss Jordan was sorry that Carla had soiled her dress. Yes, Carla might go home to change. She need not return since Christmas vacation began at noon.

Carla ran out the front door and down the street. She swung on the Daleys' gate, climbed over the Larsens' hedge, cut through the empty lot, flew up the back steps and into the kitchen.

Mama looked up. "You early, Carla. Something is wrong?"

Carla pressed her face against Mama's clean apron. "Got my dress dirty—spilled ice cream on it."

"Yes?"

"Came home to change."

"Yes?"

"Guess I better do it."

Mama watched Carla drag up the stairs. She smoothed her apron and glanced at the clock. "Papa and the boys come home early today."

In her room Carla took off the blue velvet and pushed it into the farthest corner of her closet. She climbed into her after-school clothes and lagged down the stairs to set the table for dinner. Everyone would be home early. Carla reached for her handkerchief. "Must be catching cold."

The kitchen door banged. Carla heard Mama's low voice. "She's telling them."

Carla stepped into the kitchen. Papa hung his coat behind the door. The boys looked into the pots on the stove sniffing the good dinner smells. Both of them called out together: "Here come the girls, Mom. Let's eat!"

At dinner Gjuro looked over at Carla. "Say, Cookie, sorry you had such a bad time today. Next year you'll be an old-timer at juggling ice cream dishes, and it probably won't happen again."

"Don't worry, Carla," smiled Marija. "There will be lots of other parties anyhow. You mustn't mind this one. Besides, it's time to tell us your new words. Come on, now, we're listening."

Carla fingered the top button on her dress. "They were—uh—ig—ignorant—foreigner—and—in—inferior." The words came out slowly.

Mama folded her napkin. Gjuro looked at Marko. Carla's sisters smiled a thin smile. Papa shifted in his chair—ignorant—foreigner—inferior.

The Road Taken

By Sister Dorothy Mary, C.S.J.

Purple ice flowers blinked a welcome as our bus drove under the sign "Mount Saint Mary's College." Twenty of us were on the way to our first college classes as newly professed Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. Behind us were the courses in philosophy, language, and history taken in the novitiate; ahead of us lay the opportunity of finishing our education and taking our places in the Community as teachers, nurses, and administrators.

I glanced again at the New Testament open on my lap as I shifted books to a more comfortable position, but the bus's motion and girls sitting in front of us discussing TV made concentration difficult.

"... And you must not fall in with the manners of this world; there must be an inward change, a remaking of your minds, so that you can satisfy yourselves what is God's will. . . ." St. Paul was speaking to me, for now as a religious consecrated to the service of God and my neighbor in the active life, I was returning to college with the freedom and serenity that comes only from the offering of body and mind as a living sacrifice to God.

I remembered another day five years before when I rode the Mount bus as a freshman. College then was an end in itself, an interesting place to be and be from; chatter about dances, argyles, and the unreasonableness of mid-term exams was as important as study, until almost by accident I stumbled headlong and happy into a religious vocation.

I finished preliminary preparations in the summer and a California September's heat found me tugging awkwardly at the short black cape of my postulant's dress, trying to unlock the expressions on the faces of my companions. Those of us already dressed waited in the second floor parlor of the Provincial House, as professed Sisters helped the remaining few of the forty-three aspirants who were changing from high heels and the new look to black serge and white linen collars and cuffs. Two were registered nurses from my own hometown, and I learned later in the six months of our postulate that four had entered from the world of teletypes and advertising slogans. A few had college behind them, but the majority had graduated from high school the previous June and were experiencing for the first time the lost feeling of a new student at boarding school. Surely these girls called by Christ from such varied places as New York, San Francisco, Arizona, and Hawaii to be His future spouses—these souls created and loved by Him apart from every other individual in creation—surely they were far advanced in the spiritual life. What was I doing among them with my love for teasing and horseback rides and children with dirty faces?

We straggled in a long silent line out to the recreation courts,

and I prayed for light to think of something profoundly religious to discuss. Turning to my nearest companion (Adele from St. Louis, I was to find out later), I opened my mouth to comment on the liturgical movement, when she interrupted with. "How are you at basketball?"

Since then, my days have been filled with the ever new and refreshing realization that my Sisters in religion are normal human beings, most of whom rode to school on busses and talked for hours on the telephone about nothing.

After two weeks of sewing on name tapes, climbing from the trunk room to our third floor dormitory with armloads of clothes, and trying to learn each other's names, I began to anticipate my first Monotonous Day. Monotonous Days—Aunt Clara had solemnly warned, would make up the calendar of my religious life. They never came. The last hope of experiencing one washed away during a week of California rain. I was sitting at my desk near the window and listening to the sleepy music of raindrops on a cement walk, thinking that at last M.D. had come. I wondered lazily whether the package Jane was opening contained the rain boots she had asked her mother to send. I watched and the others watched as she pulled out a pair of Western cowboy boots, complete with hand-tooled steers and lariats. Through suppressed gasps of laughter, I overcame an almost overpowering temptation to ask the Mistress of Postulants for permission to write Aunt Clara to send us a horse for Christmas.

My first major crisis in the religious life began innocently enough with six yards of black serge. Our Mistress matter-of-factly announced that we would begin making our Reception habits this morning. Smiles froze into this-couldn't-apply-to-me expressions, but the next six weeks found us learning the intricacies of flat seams, one and a half inch pleats, and hidden stitches. Careful illustrations on the blackboard along with the friendly "it's easy" attitude of more skilled companions made shop talk of measurements and fittings fill our recreation. But to me, who, if I thought of them at all, thought plackets were something to be alphabetized in a filing cabinet, the completed habit presented an accomplishment explainable only by the fact that God loves beginners.

March 19, feast of St. Joseph, and August 15, feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, are the two most looked-forward-to days in the postulate and novitiate, for on those mornings, postulants veiled in white and wearing bridal dresses march to the altar in single file to hear the Archbishop's, "Go then, my children, to receive this holy habit"; while novices who have completed their novitiate follow in procession and kneel at the altar railing with lighted candles in hand to pronounce temporary vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. When they finish the protestations of humility and charity and receive their profession crucifixes, the new

novices return wearing the habits they have made themselves, walking this time in pairs to signify the unity of common life, to hear for the first time their names in religion.

As novices, we lived in a microcosm. From the time the five o'clock bell rang in the morning until the lights went out at nine forty-five at night, we had little contact with the outside world except through chance remarks made by our teachers or from occasional trips to the dentist. Consequently, trivial incidents assumed an exaggerated importance in our lives. A stronger grasp of spiritual reality replaced material reality which slipped, so to speak, from our hands for two years; but every other Friday found us waiting anxiously for a very real charge list. Those who were assigned to the chapel asked someone who had the charge before how to iron and fold chapel linens properly; then purificators, albs, corporals, and amices became more than just names in the front of daily missals. Novices put the sacristy in order, scraping wax from vigil lights used the day before, polishing brass candlesticks, or sweeping the green throw rugs, while postulants bobbed up and down dusting pews and cleaning under radiators.

One of my most interesting charges as a novice was that of making altar breads which are consecrated into the sacramental Body and Blood of Christ at Mass. Somehow I had always connected their baking with Seraphim and Cherubim, or at least with cloistered nuns with a vow of stability; and so I was not quite prepared for the yellow pottery mixing bowl and steel spoon that Sister handed me. With no more formality than a quick prayer that the iron would heat evenly, we sifted flour into the bowl and added enough water to beat it into a smooth batter. Then we poured it, a spoonful at a time, on a square baking iron imprinted with circles and liturgical symbols and waited the length of an Our Father for each sheet of bread to bake. Sister then stacked the flat white sheets criss-cross into cans covered with wet towels to moisten them for cutting. That afternoon, I watched her guide the unleavened bread through the hand cutter, avoiding any flaws, and catching the round white disks in a candy box lined with clean tissue paper. Our job was finished when we packed the wafers into neat rows for the sacristan to place in the ciborium, a goblet-shaped vessel in which the consecrated hosts are kept.

For two weeks as Sister in charge of the refectory (dining room in lay language), with one eye on new postulants learning to arrange serving spoons and the other on a novice straightening the rose colored Dutch curtains, I directed the traffic of a crew of fourteen hustling from the room-length sideboard in search of milk pitchers and bread plates to six long tables to be set up for the next meal. Every morning brought its sweeping and mopping and dusting of chair rungs, but certain days kept hands extra busy: Washing the Vinegar Cruets Day, Waxing and Polishing the Floor Day, and Shall We Clean All the Cupboards Day.

Project, I found, was a magic word in the novitiate. Spoken over a jar of homemade paste, scraps of leather, and a paintbrush, it changed them into anything from puppets for a *Snow White* show to binding for a book of original poetry in honor of St. Joseph. "White shows"—tableaus of the Passion or other mysteries in the life of Christ and His Mother—have for their only props sheets, effective stage lights, and imagination; while "project" whispered to a squad of sixteen produced a Thanksgiving treat of precision marching to the commands of, "To the right flank march," "Double to the rear," and "Form star and to the winds."

Prayer life for a religious, contrary to my pre-conceived notions, has no beginning or end, but is bound up in every act of the day, having for its center the Sacrifice of the Mass and including an hour a day of formal meditation as well as vocal prayers in common. Paradoxically enough, the excitement and activity of charges, studies, and projects saturated with this spirit of prayer are the very means of producing the inner peace so often summed up by a younger brother on visit Sunday, "How come nuns are always so happy?"

The bus shifted gears and jerked up the last steep climb to the Mount. As we swayed to a stop, I re-read the passage from the New Testament:

"And now, brethren, I appeal to you by God's mercies to offer up your bodies as a living sacrifice, consecrated to God and worthy of his acceptance; this is the worship due from you as rational creatures. And you must not fall in with the manners of this world; there must be an inward change, a remaking of your minds, so that you can satisfy yourselves what is God's will, the good thing, the desirable thing, the perfect thing."

A Book Review

By Eileen O'Laughlin

OF SACRAMENTS AND SACRIFICE

By Father Clifford Howell, S.J.

About the Author:

Father Howell's career was highlighted by his teaching at Stonyhurst in England and his position as an army chaplain during World War II. In 1946 he began as a mission preacher who presented the "moral and pedagogical" aspects of the liturgy by imparting the teachings of Blessed Pius the Tenth's encyclicals on the Mystical Body.

About the Book:

The Sacred liturgy is the public worship which our Redeemer, the Head of the Church, renders to the heavenly Father, and which the society of the Church's faithful renders to its founder and, through Him, to the eternal Father. To put it briefly, it is the integral public worship of the Mystical Body of Christ, Head and Members.

The above definition of liturgy by Blessed Pius X in his encyclical, *Mediator Dei*, would have been words quickly read and not long remembered, had it not been for their explication by Father Howell whose entire book, *Of Sacraments and Sacrifice*, seems to hinge on them. As a child I learned the catechism. I acquired knowledge of the sacraments and their foundation in the historical order by Our Lord Jesus Christ. Then, until now, out of deference for the historical Christ, I might have hesitated to claim the Mystical Body as the "main character" in the book. After reading it, however, I have gained a knowledge of Christ in His Mystical Body as an ever present living Being of Whom I am eternally grateful to be a member.

Father Howell has given me the joy of knowing the "glad tidings" of the sacramental way. How well he has exemplified the sacramental order through which we, the members of the Mystical Body, acquire not only supernatural potentialities through the sacrament of initiation, baptism, but receive their activation from those of confirmation and the Holy Eucharist, through which, coupled with the Mass, we are deputed to a "lay priesthood" by which we are able to participate with Christ in offering the Holy Sacrifice!

The book consists of two parts, the first dealing with the underlying principles of the seven sacraments, the second, with "the crowning act of the sacred liturgy," the Mass. Provided at the beginning of each chapter is a symbolic representation which sum-

marizes the content of the chapters and gives the reader an acquaintance with liturgical symbols and their meaning.

There is often confusion as to what actually constitutes liturgy. Father Howell classifies it in a twofold sense: one, "that work of redemption which Christ our Lord originally carried out in the order of history and which He now continues in the order of Mystery (the sacramental order) in the form of the Mass, sacraments, and divine office"; two, "that official collections of prayers, readings, hymns, and actions by which Christ's liturgy is continued; in fact, the text of the Mass, sacraments and office.

Our age is one of imagination whose dreams and ambitions would often supposedly be fulfilled in the advent of a being such as Superman in the comic section of the Sunday newspaper. Such a Superman would possess supernatural bodily strength. How many of this modern age (including good Catholics) would be astounded if they realized that such a man, yes, more than one man, possesses such supernatural potentiality and activity, not in a bodily way, but far more important, in a spiritual way. For, without doubt, the baptized Christian shares in a new kind of life, a supernatural life as God's adopted son, which enables him to share in Christ's redemptive work made ever present in the sacramental order through the Mystical Body. Let this book be read with expectation for indeed it unfolds a great adventure—that of a soul living a supernatural life of grace, more wonderful than anything one could imagine!

A Book Review

By Georgia Ann Maloney

"These pages are written for the average person." This is the key to *Unless Some Man Show Me* by Alexander Jones. Father Jones has felt the need for Biblical learning in the ordinary lay Catholic who has neither time nor desire to explore the weighty volumes on that subject which now exist.

Since this little book is so out of the ordinary, some may feel it a shade flippant. I find it is not at all so; only a trifle unconventional. This is where *Unless Some Man Show Me* shines, in its lack of conformity to the worn out style used by the majority of Biblical scholars.

Its purpose is briefly this: 'to state and to stress certain particularly useful principles of interpretation within the traditional Catholic doctrines of Inspiration and Inerrancy and to apply these principles to one or two knotty questions of the Old Testament.'

Originally written in monthly articles which appeared in the *Catholic Gazette*, the study took book-form because of the requests from his readers to Father Jones, who gathered them together to form *Unless Some Man Show Me*.

The very valuable but seemingly insignificant lessons the author draws from Sacred Scripture are numerous. His explanation of Genesis in regard to man's dignity is not sophisticated nor profound but simple. "Man will forget it to his own undoing"; unless he heeds these messages in Scripture which with a little effort man can see so clearly.

Taking the Old Testament and making it live for us, the moderns, as the New Testament does, or should, Father Jones brings forth a novel and important study of the Bible.

Father Alexander Jones himself is completely unknown in literary circles. *Unless Some Man Show Me* is his first book, alone. He has collaborated with another author previously but to date, in his capacity as Professor of Sacred Scripture at Upholland College, Lancashire, he has not received much recognition.

Alumnae News

Wedding invitations and announcements of Nuptial Masses include the following: MISS GLORIA JOYCE DAY to Mr. Donald E. Cools in Our Lady of Grace Church, Encino, California; MISS MARTHA MOLTENA to Mr. William Charles Peebles in Our Lady of Loretta Church, Los Angeles; MISS CAMILLA MUNTUN to Mr. John Blaise Picard in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Los Angeles; MISS NANCY FRANCES HERBUVEAUX to Lieutenant Peter Thomas D'Angelo in Saint Francis Xavier Church, Phoenix, Arizona; MISS IRENE STEHLY to Mr. Paul Aloysius Devlin in St. Boniface Church, Anaheim; MISS NANCY LEE PARNIN to Dr. William John Zimmerman in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in Westwood; MISS MARY PATRICIA MURPHY to Mr. Carl C. Coulson, Jr., in Sacred Heart Church, Klamath Falls, Oregon; MISS ROSEMARY MIKULICH to Mr. Louis A. Pissani in St. Joan of Arc's Church, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Announcements from Alumnae members of new arrivals in their families include: to Fred and PAT (O'NEILL) FEIDLER, a son, John Patrick; to Jack and CHARLOTTE (CERUTTI) BOURNE, a daughter, Victoria Ann; to William and DOROTHY (GRUNDY) LITTLETON, a daughter.

MARGARET LONG paid a visit to "The Mount" before joining a group of tourists to Mexico. A highlight of the tour was to be a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

LILLIAS BURDEN has completed her term in internship at V. A. Center in West Los Angeles and is now ready to take the State and National examinations for certification as a Lab. Technician.

BARBARA HARTMAN is earning a Masters degree in Bacteriology at U.S.C. She has been engaged to teach Bacteriology and Anatomy next year in the School of Nursing of St. Vincent's Hospital.

Fellowships in Social Welfare, carrying a yearly grant of \$1000.00 for graduate study, given by His Eminence James Francis Cardinal McIntyre D.D. were awarded to MONICA GOSNELL, MARILYN MUNTUN and KATHERINE KNAUF. BEVERLY HALPIN, last year's recipient of a similar grant, has returned from the Catholic University and is working at the Catholic Welfare Bureau in Los Angeles.

Further wedding announcements received at date of proofreading include MISS EILEEN KLINE to Mr. William Ivers in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City; MISS MARJORIE GEGG to Mr. Raymond Trongore in Sacred Heart Church, Prescott, Arizona; MISS NANCY NEWELL to Mr. William Cain, Jr. in Holy Spirit Church, Los Angeles; MISS RITA GLORIA MURRAY to Mr. Anthony Porto in St. Elizabeth's Church, Altadena; MISS MARGARET TRIPP to Mr. Harold Glenwood Lawson in St. Anselm's Church, Los Angeles.

ROSEMARY MICHULICH PISANO brought her husband Louis to the Mount as one of the "high spots" of their wedding trip.

Alumnae Board—1953-1954

<i>President</i>	MRS. HAL N. GALBRAITH 855 - 5th Ave., Los Angeles 5	('37)	Wa. 0046
<i>1st Vice Pres.</i>	MRS. LEO F. O'CALLAGHAN 2419 West 18th St., L. A.	('47)	Re. 23151
<i>2nd Vice Pres.</i>	MRS. JAMES GEEVER JR. 8914 Villonova, Los Angeles	('35)	Or. 13675
<i>3rd Vice Pres.</i>	MRS. LAWRENCE STEWART 2618 Monogram Ave. Long Beach, Calif.	('41)	Long Beach 39-1690
<i>Financial Sec.</i>	MRS. THOMAS FOYE 1208 Ardmore Manhattan Beach, Calif.	('43)	Frontier 45947
<i>Recording Sec.</i>	MRS. JOHN HOLCOMB 7147 West 94th Place Los Angeles 43	('43)	Orchard 23547
<i>Assistant Sec.</i>	MISS GLORIA WILL 1221 West 74th St., Los Angeles	('53)	Pl. 15800
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. JOHN PICARD 921 Larch St., Inglewood 3, Calif.	('52)	
<i>Publicity</i>	MRS. CARL SCHUCK 3834 Roxton Ave., Los Angeles	('39)	Ax. 11909
<i>Historian</i>	MRS. W. HODGSON 5336 S. Brynhurst, Los Angeles 43	('47)	Ax. 13503
<i>Parliamentarian</i>	MISS ROSEMARY JOHNSON 3443 Fernwood Ave., Los Angeles 39	('53)	No. 25794
<i>Trustees</i> 1929 - 1933	MRS. G. DEAN 125 S. Almanson Alhambra, Calif.	('34)	
1934 - 1938	MRS. PHILIP LIEB 4447 West 62nd St., Los Angeles	('37)	Ax. 11642
1939 - 1943	MRS. PATRICK MURRAY 4920 Petit Ave. Encino, Calif.	('40)	
1944 - 1948	MISS MARGARET THALKEN 512 No. Alexandria, Los Angeles	('45)	No. 25510
1949 - 1953	MISS BEBETTE GUALANO 312 W. Palm Drive Arcadia, Calif.	()	
<i>Chairmen</i> <i>Dance</i>	MRS. JAMES CLARIZIO 1028 - 10th St., Apt. D. Santa Monica, Calif.	('52)	Ex. 3-4302
	MRS. JOHN SMURDA 671 Greta Green Way, Los Angeles 49	('52)	AR. 7-6803
<i>Day of Rec.</i>	MRS. GEORGE GORCIAK 1947 Logenside Drive, Los Angeles 47	('50)	Pl. 40427